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NARRATIVE.

THE SON AND HEIR.

There is a golden moral in the following affecting narrative. One moment of unbridled passion is often the parent of endless sorrow and interminable penitence. Let the impetuous and the enthusiastic ponder it well, for to them is the moral addressed.

The story relates, we believe, to an incident which happened in the Arundel family, many years ago.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

*August 1st, A. D. 16**.*

I do heartily thank my God, that I have at last determined to write down in detail many circumstances connected with the event which has made my life on earth a state of shame and misery. I am a less wretched creature than I have been; but there is no rest for my wounded spirit, till it shall please the blessed God to take me from this world. I dare to hope that death will take with my poor mortal body, the load of guilt and anguish, which now lieth heavy on my spirit. I found not this hope in myself; I knew not of it, till I read of one who washeth with his blood the guilty conscience; who with his searching spirit visits the loathsome chambers of the heart; and although his light showeth there sins long forgotten, or all unobserved till then, each one bearing a visible form and substance; yet there is a peace that the world knoweth not, which cometh often where that purest light hath shined long. Do I dream? or hath not this light, this sacred peace, come into my sad heart? the light and peace are but one spirit, but the nature of that spirit is such, that, till it hath purged from the sight its dull and mortal mists, the soul seeth nothing but its dazzling brightness. Then gradually doth the light take unto itself a form, even that dove-like form which descended visibly on the head of the meekest and holiest son of man.

What I am about to write, I wish to be seen; I would make my story a warning to others. I would wish my crime to be known, my memory to be execrated in this world, if by means of my example the remorse which I feel might be spared to another if the remembrance of my guilt might cool the boiling blood, and stop the

mad fury of some individual whose disposition may resemble mine.

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gayety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavored to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen; I started up and paced the room; the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favorite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, and spoke not; he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father; it was written by my mother, and entreatingly besought me instantly to return to them. Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corpse of my beloved father to the grave.

Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of a deep-seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sorrow for the dead; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior creature. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, "I know you

will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half-Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly to God for his wisdom and guidance." Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master's passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger,—she confessed that she had dreaded to hear while I was absent, that I had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the lady Jane N——e, and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart, but I was not quite happy. We had no child; I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I

forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not entreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing. I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted, a son was born to us—a beautiful healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in his deceit, and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart? there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me. I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the government of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer. I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone for ever—I will turn to a darker subject—to myself. While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son, would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up as it were many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances perchance; it was not so in

mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honor among men that I looked for. I had sought to make my son every thing that was excellent, but I had not sought to make *myself* fit for the work I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? when passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The Countess, my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often do I behold in memory his clear sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the fine free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser, as all noble-spirited boys love a favorite horse. He loved to dress, feed, and caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition of him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour af-

ter from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the poor child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought his book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, somewhat with an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me. There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows which I had lately given him were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favorite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from beneath the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay, displeased me. I was in a very ill humor when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him, and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed: the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the window in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine

coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat: in his other hand there was a horse-whip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come up to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. "Tell me, sir," I cried; "answer me one question: are you right or wrong?" "Right," the boy replied proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst out. Alas, I knew not what I did! but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle,—I meant not to strike *where* I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropt lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropt away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came.—I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke upon her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and lifted up my head; but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. "Where is it?" I cried: "Where is the body my murdered boy?" When I spoke the word "murdered," my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, "He is not dead—he is alive." My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness: still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sat in

silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and the temples was scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. "We have examined the poor child," she said, "but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me." "I can answer you," I said: "no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head."—I did not see the face of my wife, or my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife's hand drop from me; I heard my mother's low heart-breaking groan. I looked up and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze. "Oh my husband," she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms round my neck: she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "Oh, do not shame me thus," I cried; "remember, you must remember, that you are a mother." "I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband," she replied, weeping. "No, no, I feel for you, and I must feel *with* you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now, in this overwhelming affliction." My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew me towards her; and rising up, she looked me in the face. "Henry," she said, in a faint deep voice, "I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me." As she was speaking the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She should have concealed, at least for awhile, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a

slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form: his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint life-like animation, stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then he knew us not, and noticed nothing. Oh, few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand, which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the fifth day that he woke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutter to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlid of his bed. My child's face was turned toward me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played upon his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and with his finger softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in *my* face to make him *smile*. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore, he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should "commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still." They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose. When Jane came to me I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill, your hands

are burning, my beloved," she said. "Go to bed, I beseech you. You need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eyeballs. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state. I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise. I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood and spoke again solemnly. "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother? No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain, I have not needed to command before. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man; and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for your hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts.—Rise up and meet your trial.—Tell me simply, that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up and saying, "I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them by the help of God." Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. "God strengthen you, and bless you," she said, "I cannot now trust myself to say more." Her voice was feeble and trembling now, her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her pale cheek; she bent down over me and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long-neglected duties. I had descended the last

step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could *then* laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the balustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed with a violent effort the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the doors by which I entered, sat my reverend mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near: she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile, but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strewn over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside but had discovered that very morning, and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features, but, alas! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the childlike bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness, his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colorless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me, and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would affright him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with a pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain.

Aug. the 15th.

This day I have passed some hours with my poor boy. He is changed indeed. All his manliness of character is gone: he has become timid and feeble as a delicate girl. He shrinks from all exertion, he dislikes bodily exercise. The weather was so delightful this morning that I took Maurice

out into the park; he gazed round upon the sky, and the trees, and the grass, as if he had never looked upon them before. The boy wandered on with me beyond the boundaries of the park into the forest; he made me sit down with him on the bank of a narrow brook, and there he amused himself with plucking the little flowers that grew about in the grass, and throwing them into the water. As we sat there, I heard afar off the sounds of huntsmen; soon after a young stag came bounding over the hill before us, and crossed the stream within twenty yards of the spot where we sat. The whole heart of the boy would once have leapt within him to follow in the boldest daring of the chase; but now he lifted up his head, and stared at the stag with a look of vacant astonishment. The whole hunt, with the full rush and cry of its noisy sport, came near. Up sprang the boy all panting, and ghastly with terror. "Make haste," he cried out, as I rose: "take me away;" he threw his arms round me, and I felt the violent beating of his heart as he clung to me. I would have hurried him away; but as the dogs and the huntsmen came up close to us, the boy lost all power of moving. I felt him hang heavily on me, and, raising his face from my shoulder, I saw that he had fainted. I took him in my arms, and carried him along the banks of the stream till we were far from all sight and sound of the chase; and then I laid him on the grass, and bathed his face and hands with water. He recovered slowly, and laid for some minutes leaning his head upon my bosom, and weeping quietly; his tears relieved him, and he fell asleep; I raised him again in my arms, and carried him still asleep to his chamber.

Aug. the 19th.

My poor injured child loves me. I cannot tell why, but for the last few days he has seemed happier with me than with any other person. He will even leave his mother to follow me. I feel as if my life were bound up in him; and yet to look on him is to me a penance, at times almost too dreadful to be borne. How he did sit and smile to-day among the books, for whose knowledge his fine ardent mind once thirsted. They are nothing to him now—he had been before amusing himself by watching the swallows which were flying and twittering about the windows; when, taking up a book, I tried to read. Maurice left the window, and sat down on the low seat where he had been used to learn his lessons. He placed a book on the desk before him, and pretended to read: he looked up,

and our eyes met. Again he bent his head over the volume: I had a faint hope that he was really reading; and, passing softly across the room, I looked over his shoulder. The pages were turned upside down before him, and he smiled on me with his new, his idiot smile: he smiled so long, that I almost felt as if he wished to give a meaning to his look, and mock the anguish which wrung my heart.

Aug. the 20th.

I had ordered the Arabian horse to be turned out, and this morning I took Maurice to the meadow where Selim was grazing. The little courser raised up its head as we approached, and recognizing its master, came towards us. Maurice had not noticed the horse before, but then he retreated fearfully, walking backwards. The sagacious animal still advanced, and turning quickly, the boy fled from him; but the sportive creature still followed, cantering swiftly after him—Maurice shrieked loudly like a terrified girl. Groaning with the heaviness of my grief, I drove away the once favorite horse of my poor idiot boy.

Sunday, Aug. the 30th.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew. He stood before me, with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed and vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so. It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there, it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with his prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, "You have a mind whose powers are not confused—you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you, the hopes of glory are daily visible to you." Oh! God, my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke, as a rebuke sent from Thee. Did not his vacant look say also, "Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made? Think upon what *I was*?—Think upon what *I am*? With a broken

heart I listened to the words of life; for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me and seemed to listen too. When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand, and when I looked round I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that for my Saviour's sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our Heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of.

JOHN COURCY, OR DE CURCI, EARL OF ULSTER.

1201. 4 John.—This valiant Irish nobleman had attached himself to the interests of the unfortunate Arthur, nephew, to King John, and rightful heir to the crown of England. The earl had been engaged in quarrels with Walter de Lacy, a powerful nobleman in Ireland; and as he was going unarmed and barefoot in pilgrimage to a church upon good Friday, in the year 1202, he was treacherously taken prisoner by his own people, and delivered for a sum of money to Hugh de Lacy, brother of Walter, by whom he was sent prisoner to King John. The King committed him to the Tower. In 1201, the King of France sent a champion into England, who challenged all who should maintain the cause of King John against his master. The court of England was not willing to commit the decision to a single combat, but wished to give the champion an opportunity to try his strength; and therefore, John desired the earl of Ulster, who was a man of great strength and courage, to undertake the battle. The earl stoutly answered, "that in his quarrel, whose murderous vile mind, cowardliness, traitorous conditions, and tyrannical government, deserved not the adventure of losing one drop of blood, he would not fight one stroke; but for the honor of the realm, wherein many a good and honorable man lived to his great grief, he would willingly jeopard his life, and cheerfully accepted the combat, yea, with a giant." In consequence of this consent, the earl was released; but as he was recovering himself from the ill effects of his confinement, the French champion hearing of his excessive feedings and prodigious strength, (or, as Stow says, hav-

ing seen his mighty limbs and fierce countenance,) withdrew privately into Spain. It is related of this earl, that, "being in France with the English army, King Philip, at a conference with John, desired to see some trial of his strength. The earl ordered a large stake to be fixed in the ground, on which was placed a helmet; then looking round with a menacing aspect, he cut the helmet in two pieces with his sword. The sword stuck so fast in the stake, that none but himself could remove it. Philip asking why he looked round so fiercely, he said, in case he had missed his blow, he would have cut off the heads of all the spectators, that no man living might be witness of his shame. John granted to this nobleman and his successors the privilege of standing covered before the kings of England.

NOTE.—The present Earl of Kinsale claimed this ancient privilege of his family, when George IV. paid his visit to Ireland.—Ed.

THE ESCAPE OF HAMILTON ROWAN FROM PRISON.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan, an enthusiastic Irishman, was upwards of thirty years ago, tried for a political offence, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, in Dublin, where he made his escape in a singular manner; in saying singular, we do not allude to his getting from the prison, but to his escapes afterwards.

The circumstances of Hamilton Rowan's escape from imprisonment, as I once heard them minutely detailed, possessed all the interest of a romantic narrative. The following are such of the leading particulars as I can recall to my recollection: Having discovered, on the 28th of April, 1794, the extent of the danger in which he was involved, he arranged a plan of flight to be put into execution on the night of the first of May. He had the address to prevail on the jailor of Newgate, who knew nothing further of his prisoner than that he was under sentence of confinement for a political libel, to accompany him at night to Mr. Rowan's own house. They were received by Mrs. R. who had a supper prepared in the front room of the second floor. The supper over, the prisoner requested the jailor's permission to say a word or two in private to his wife, in the adjoining room. The latter consented, on the condition of the door between the two rooms remaining open. He had so little suspicion of what was meditated, that instead of examining the state of this other room, he contented himself with shifting his chair at the supper table, so as to give him a view of the

open door-way. In a few seconds his prisoner was beyond his reach, having descended by a single rope, which had been slung from the window of the back chamber. In his stable he found a horse ready saddled, and a peasant's outside coat to disguise him. With these he posted to the house of his attorney, Matthew Dowling, who was in the secret of his design, and had promised to contribute to its success by his counsel and assistance. Dowling was at home, but unfortunately his house was full of company. He came out to the street to Mr. Rowan, who personated the character of a country client, and hastily pointing out the great risk to be incurred from any attempt to give him refuge in his own house, directed him to proceed to the Rotunda (a public building in Sackville-street, with an open space in front) and remain there until Dowling could despatch his guests, and come to him. Irish guests were in those days rather slow to separate from the bottle. For one hour and a half the fugitive had to wait, leading his horse up and down before the Rotunda, and tortured between fear and hope at the appearance of every person that approached. He has often represented this as the most trying moment of his life. Dowling at length arrived, and, after a short and anxious conference, advised him to mount his horse, and make for the country house of their friend Mr. Sweetman, which was situated about four miles off, on the northern side of the bay of Dublin. This place he reached in safety, and found there the refuge and aid which he sought. After a delay of two or three days, Mr. Sweetman engaged three boatmen of the neighborhood to man his own pleasure boat, and convey Hamilton Rowan to the coast of France. They put to sea at night, but a gale of wind coming on, they were compelled to put back, and take shelter under the lee of the hill of Howth. While at anchor there on the following morning, a small revenue cruiser sailing by, threw into the boat copies of the proclamation offering 2,000*l.* for the apprehension of Hamilton Rowan. The weather having moderated, the boat pushed out to sea again. They had reached the mid channel, when a situation occurred almost equalling in dramatic interest the celebrated "*Casarem vehis*" of antiquity; it would certainly make a fine subject for a picture. As the boat careered along before a favorable wind the exiled Irishman perceived the boatmen grouped apart, perusing one of the proclamations, and by their significant looks and

gestures, discovering that they had recognized the identity of their passenger with the printed description. "Your conjectures are right, my lads," said Rowan, "my life is in your hands—but you are Irishmen." They flung the proclamation overboard, and the boat continued her course. On the third morning, a little after break of day, they arrived within view of St. Paul de Leon, a fortified town, on the coast of Bretagne. As the sun rose, it dispersed a dense fog that had prevailed over night, and discovered a couple of miles behind them, moving along under easy sail, the British Channel fleet, through the thick of which their little boat had just shot unperceived.

The party having landed, were arrested as spies, and cast into prison, but in a few days an order from the French government procured their liberation. Hamilton Rowan proceeded to Paris, from which, in a political convulsion that shortly ensued, it was his fate once more to seek for safety in flight. He escaped this time unaccompanied, in a wherry, which he rowed himself down the Seine. The banks were lined with military; but he answered their challenges with so much address, that he was allowed to pass on unmolested. Having reached a French port, he embarked for the United States of America, where at length he found a secure asylum.

EXAMINATION OF A YOUNG PRETENDER TO FASHION.

Q. Are you a gentleman?

A. I am.

Q. By what signs do you know that you are a gentleman?

A. I have nothing to do, go to Almack's, and eat olives after dinner.

Q. What is your fortune?

A. A younger brother's allowance of six hundred a year.

Q. What is your income?

A. About five thousand a year.

Q. I perceive you distinguish between fortune and income?

A. I do. Every man of fashion does so.

Q. Explain the distinction?

A. By fortune, I mean what may be called a man's own money; income, on the contrary, is made up of various articles and goods that come into his possession by virtue of credit or otherwise.

Q. How do you rate your yearly income?

A. By desiring my servant to cast up the year's bills.

Q. Suppose you procure cash for an accommodation bill, how do you consider it?

A. As an accession to my income; I account myself so much the richer.

Q. How old are you?

A. Twenty.

Q. How long have you been on the town?

A. Three years.

Q. What is the ordinary period of a man of fashion's life?

A. A man of extreme fashion is accounted old at one-and-twenty, and if he has lived all his life, he commonly dies of extreme old age and infirmity at six-and-twenty, or thereabouts.

Q. What are the boundaries of town?

A. Town is bounded on the north by Oxford-street, on the east by Bond-street and the Hay-market, on the south by Pall-Mall and Piccadilly, and on the west by Park-lane.

Q. Is Portman-square then out of town?

A. No, it certainly is not; but I do not know how to bring it into town, nor how to leave it out; but many persons I oblige, with good authority, that the north of Oxford-street cannot be quite right.

Q. Where is Russell-square?

A. I don't know.

Q. Have you ever heard that place named?

A. I certainly have heard it named, but only as a capital joke; it is a place very much laughed at by witty men.

Q. Repeat one of these capital jokes?

A. In the House of Commons, Mr. Croker having named Russell-square, added a doubt whether any member knew where that was.

Q. You read the debates, then?

A. No, I beg leave to explain that I heard this story: Croker tells it himself, and laughs a good deal at it; I think more than a gentleman ought to laugh.

Q. Do you ever read?

A. Yes: I read John Bull, the Army List, and the Newmarket Calendar.

Q. How many tailors are there in London?

A. Two.

Q. How many boot-makers?

A. Five.

Q. Hatters?

A. Hats may be got anywhere in Bond-street or St. James's-street.

Q. What is the most wonderful invention of modern times?

A. The starched neckcloth.

Q. Who invented the starched neckcloth?

A. Brummell.

Q. Give the particulars of this invention?

A. When Brummell fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the prince's neck out of fashion, and of bringing his royal highness's muslin, his bow, and wadding, into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition says that the sensation in St. James's-street was prodigious; dandies were struck dumb with envy, and wash-women miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced—tin, card, a thousand contrivances were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments; the secret, in fact, puzzled and baffled every one, and poor dandy L.—d d d raving mad of it; his mother, sister, and all his relations waited on Brummell, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the

mystery; but the bean was obdurate, and L. miserably perished. When B. fled from England, he left this secret a legacy to his country; he wrote on a sheet of paper, on his dressing table, the emphatic words, "*Starch is the man.*"

Q. Is Brummell an authority now?

A. No, none at all; but still, in his exile, he has exercised an indirect influence on the coats and breeches of the age, for he suckles young dandies at Calais.

Q. Who is the king of the dandies now?

A. There is no king, the two great tailors are dictators.

Q. Why is Mr. Hayne called Pea Green; is it on account of his extraordinary greenness, or what is the reason?

A. It is not on account of his greenness, that is a vulgar newspaper mistake; but because he first came out in a pea green coat, which he threatened to turn to yellow in the autumn.

Q. Did you ever see any one eat fish with a knife; I do not insult you by asking whether you are guilty of such an abomination?

A. Never, sir.

Q. But you have heard of such practices?

A. I have read of them, as of other vile practices, and know how to despise them.

Q. Suppose you were dining with the Guards, what would you eat?

A. I should eat much pastry, for the Guards live on tarts, and support nature on various fruit pies.

Q. What should you drink with the Guards?

A. Lemonade.

Q. What quantity of wine will an exquisite of the present day swallow, without making a beast of himself?

A. An exquisite of the first water will complain of head-ache, and confess intoxication after two glasses of light wine; we are in fact no match for the women, many of whom will swallow a fragrant quantity of liquor at dinner.

Q. Is there any place where it is right to wear boots in the evening?

A. Yes; the Opera.

Q. Why the Opera?

A. Because their is an order against boots, and therefore to appear in them there is a proof that one is somebody with the door-keepers.

Q. What is the history of the standing order against trousers at Almack's?

A. The Lady Patronesses took a disgust to those loose habits, and issued an order that no gentleman should appear in them who could not plead some personal deformity in apology for the concealment of his shapes.—*Lon. Mag.*

LITERARY.

A FALLEN STAR.

BY THE HERMIT IN FRANCE.

"I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can feel no lower."

BUTLER.

An extravagant ambition to shine and attract notice frequently leads its victim to an

elevation, from which his fall is inevitable. Many, after glittering for a time, are thus consigned to obscurity and oblivion; and some, less happy, to infamy and contempt. Of the latter class, are those who support a worthless life by availing themselves of the experience dearly purchased in their ruinous career, to tempt the young and unwary into the fatal paths, which led to their own ruin. The history of an individual of this species may prove an useful lesson.

Sam Squander succeeded to a moderate fortune. He was an easy, good tempered fellow, whose principles it would have been difficult to discover, and whose education was general and superficial. It occurred to him one fine morning, when reading the Post, that all the great people went abroad, so he packed up his clothes, bought a travelling carriage, and got down to Wright's Hotel, Dover, "*all right,*" and succeeded in getting himself put in the list of *carports* or departures. He rose in his own estimation at Dessein's, at Calais, and Dessein rose the bill on him on reading a *plenum vacuum* in the index of the mind, the broad open eye of non-intelligence. He got into Paris, and got out at Meurice's Hotel. Meurice had just received a *long bill* from a Goldfinch, and was in a vast good humor with himself, so that he was more than usually civil.

Sam looked round and rose still higher in his own opinion; he ordered apartments on the first floor, in order to be a degree above the level of common men. He was remarked at the ordinary, as a man with very white hair, and as one who tied his cravat *secundum artem*. Thus he continued a very quiet customer of Meurice's, until the fiend Ambition tickled his empty ear; it was whispered to him by some arch spirit, that he might, by dipping his capital a little, cut a figure in the French metropolis, and when he had borrowed enough importance from an imitation of foreign elegance, and foreign vices, he might return and be somebody at home; he accordingly took expensive private apartments on the Boulevards, hired French servants, (who spoke English) gave dinners, visited the *Salon*, had a box at the *Theatre de Feydeau*, looked in at the public places, wore spurs of eleven inches, studied a French cookery book, and edged himself into high company whenever an opening offered.

The state of his cash account was frightful, but he sold out of the stocks from time to time and went on triumphantly; he was accounted a good fellow among the

English, and would lend his money and his horses to the first old hand on the town, of which, it is deplorable to think how many there are who, lost to honor and to country, lead the British *simple* into all the dissipation of Paris, living themselves on their honorable labors of being guides to the blind novices on the road to ruin. The apt scholar in question was now pretty far in extravagance and verging on notoriety, for the fair sex called him *le petit blondin*, and the gaming gentlemen set him down for *bon diable*, and a *parfait honnête Homme*. The circling year still found him in the same circle, the circle *des étrangers*, the salon, the theatres, or Frascati's; he had a very clever horse, which caused him to be more remarked than if he had trusted to the admiration which he might have obtained as a *biped*; and so he went on. The Coryphæe, and his other theatrical favorites, were too strong a corps for his finances, and he sunk at the end of the season, into neglect and insignificance; the partner of his prosperity deserted to a foreign power, taking all the *materiel*, which might have enabled him further to carry on the war.

"Naught was ne'er in danger," is an old and true adage. Sam was not ruined; a man of talent might have gone to a prison, lost his last stake at play, or broken his heart when recovered from the madness of youth; but Sam did no such thing, he had yet a mere trifle left, he sold his horses, he dunned all his acquaintances who owed him money; he arrested one, and was about to pound another; but he, being a jolly half-pay cornet, appealed to the trigger, and Sam agreed to take his money any how and at any time. He now gave his address at a coffee house, got lodged in a garret, and gave it out that he lived in Paris, from choice, and that he could not find any thing to eat or drink worthy his good taste in his native land. "He was quite spoiled," he used to say, "by the luxuries of the *Continent*;" although he had only been two years abroad, and never beyond the environs of Paris. The fact was, he felt that England was not the theatre for his performances; he, therefore, perfected himself in French, and threw off every thing that looked like a Briton, and which first brought him into observation. His shabby clothes were of Parisian cut; he wore a tuft of hair or *imperiale* on his chin; a black stock made a military attempt upon his neck; and he now became the *complaint* of his former frail favorites. He was no bad wine-taster, and had a scent for

a dinner equal to the keenest fox hound ; at the gaming tables he was always welcome, *when he brought a friend* ; and was considered a very obliging fellow by new comers, until they knew him.

The eye of contempt occasionally marks him in a public walk, when honest indignation blushes to think what a Briton is become ; but he cuts his jokes on honest John, and still plies his little thriving trade, above want and below dame Fortune's power.

Such things as Sam Squander are sometimes overlooked in society ; there are certainly fewer of them of British manufacture than of any other ; yet it is well to know that such do exist, and not useless to point them out, and to warn strangers against them. Whenever I meet, (in the streets of Paris, or elsewhere) these Birmingham counterfeits of intrinsic British stamp, who were useless members of the community at home, and pass from ruined idiots to miserable copyists, and thence to degraded apostates and deserters, vegetating like weeds in a strange soil, I know not whether indignation or contempt be uppermost in my mind. An untravelling gentleman has something yet to learn, which may be of service in giving the last polish, but a *travelling fellow* is the most disgusting of all objects.

POETRY.

FOR THE GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

HOUSATONIC BANKS.

O'er Gaul's blue skies and shadowy woods
The springtime sun is sinking now,
And 'mid these flowery solitudes
Soft evening sheds its purple glow ;
But, oh, my heart is far away
By Housatonic's forest shore,
Where lingers yet love's fading day,
That dawned on bliss, in seasons now no more.

Trianon's groves, and Versailles' bowers
Shed light and bloom around me now,
But memories of life's happier hours
Rush o'er my brain and cloud my brow.
Why bloom these flowers this golden eve ?
Why breathes such music in the grove ?
My lonely heart cannot but grieve
O'er youth's electric, most unhappy love.

When frozen snows on Jungfrau's brow
Melt in the bright Italian sun ;
When nature sleeps in pictured glow,
In the wild vale of Lauterbrun ;
When vengeance leaves the Mohawk's breast,
And beauty wins when virtue's lost—
Then shall my wasted heart find rest—
Oh! then forget the maid I loved the most.

Wearied with wo, I turn and gaze,
Like pilgrims on Loretto's shrine,
On the dim light of other days
When hope, and love, and fame were mine ;
And as the shadows of the past
Hurry along my burning brain,
I see companions on the waste,
The long, the lone, the expanding waste of pain.

'Reft of the hopes our hearts held dear,
Dead to the world and desolate,
Oh, what can charm the spirit here ?
Ambition, triumph, love or hate ?
The spell of love, once bound, for ever
Sways the proud heart to good or ill ;
No power or passion can dis sever
The strong-linked chain that manacles the will.

The last—last hue of sunset now
Gleams on the forests of St. Cloud ;
Bland is the breeze that fans my brow,
And evening in her realms of blue ;
But sadness sinks upon my heart,
For all my spirit loved is lost,
And naught but heaven can impart
Joy unto him that loved and found the cost.

L. F.

FOR THE GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

TO A LADY.

Loved one, loved one, come to the bower
These hands have twined for thee,
Come rest beneath the jacinth's flower
Of sweetest fragraney ;

And I will place upon thy brow
This wreath I wove to-day ;
Each flowret fastened with a vow
To hold thee dear for aye.

And we will dwell on joys that spring
From holy love like our's,
And vain shall be the scorpion sting
Of envy's hellish powers,

To bring the bane of wo to hearts
Who long have loved so well ;
Yes, envy, we deride thy darts !
Back to thy native hell.

Portland.

R.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Yes, ye may pay your thoughtless duty,
Vain throng, to glory's distant star ;
And ye may smile when blooming beauty
Rewards the gallant son of war ;
For me, I sigh to think that sorrow
May soon that gentle heart betide,
And soon a dark, a gloomy morrow
May dawn upon the soldier's bride.

Oh! were her path the scene of brightness,
Pourtray'd by ardent fancy's ray ;
Oh! could her bosom thrill in lightness,
When glory's pictured charms decay ;
Could hope still bless her golden slumbers,
And crown the dreams of youthful pride ;

Then might ye smile, ye thoughtless numbers,
Then greet with joy the soldier's bride.

But when assail'd by threat'ning dangers,
And doom'd in distant scenes to roam,
To meet the chilling glance of strangers,
And vainly mourn her peaceful home ;
Oft will her tearful eye discover
The fears her bosom once defied ;
Oft shall the smiles, that bless'd the lover,
Desert the soldier's weeping bride.

And when, perchance, war's stunning rattle
Greets, from afar, her shuddering ear—
When yielding to the fate of battle,
Her hero meets an early bier ;
Condemn'd in hopeless grief to languish,
She yields to sorrow's gushing tide ;
And tears express, in silent anguish,
The sadness of the soldier's bride ;

What then avails the wreath of glory ?
The victor it should crown is fled !
The din of fame, the martial story,
Will nought avail the silent dead.
She greets with sighs the dear-bought treasure,
That seems her sorrows to deride ;
And shuns the gleam of mimic pleasure—
That mocks the soldier's widow'd bride.

To me her flowery crown of gladness
Seems like the drooping cypress wreath,
Her nuptial throng—a train of sadness,
Her minstrel band—a dirge of death.
Ah! grief may soon those blossoms sever,
Soon fade that cheek with blushes dyed,
And cloud with dark despair for ever
The triumph of the soldier's bride.

THE FATE OF HYLAS.

— He

Following the wood-nymph Dryope,
Was tangled in the clustering hazels tall,
And (lost among those leaves)
Heard grieving, as a childless mother grieves,
The star-complaining nightingale,
Who sang the sweeter for her widow's wo,
And made the green-woods know
Sorrow, as though her offspring all had died :
Whereat the stubborn oak forsook his pride,
And when the blast did call
"Hylas!"—before the talking wind was seen
Bending, like grass or alders green ;
And boughs, all dumb before,
Grew voiceful on the reedy shore,
And scared the amorous Naiads where they lay,
Waiting for their blooming prey
Now hid, and sheltered by the poplar pale,
'Gainst whom nought might prevail
Then, for 'twas holy held, and known to be
Meides' favored tree,
Who loved the blue eyes of the wandered boy :—

Alas! that youth should joy
In 'scaping from those wise and grey restraints,
With which old binds our inexperienced will,
And quite untaught by wo, or pain, should still

Rush to the dazzling dreams which folly paints!
 Alas, fair Hylas! why didst thou give ear
 To syren singing, and lend all thy gaze
 (Leaving the guardian branches trembling near)
 To the white beauties of the Naiad's face?
 Ah! wherefore dost thou stoop, O Hylas! down
 To kiss the rush-grown crown
 That lies upon her ringlet-woven brows?
 Better it were thou didst at once carouse
 With Bacchants in their drunken woods,
 Or, with a craving heart, drink up the floods
 Of sparkling Pindus, and grow mad with dreams:
 Avoid——

Away! his fate is fix'd,—is over,
 He is now the Naiad's lover,
 Martyr of her seeming charms,
 Sleeping in her curling arms,
 (Colder than the twining snake's)
 The slumber from which no one wakes.

—He shall never live,—nor die;
 But, through the blank eternity,
 Grow beneath the sun and moon,
 Like the witch'd Endymion
 Wept awhile, but soon forgot;
 Like the flower which dieth not,
 But, in hard and yellow pride,
 Bloometh, though the spring hath died,
 Though the summer days are gone,
 And the autumn weeds are blown
 And decaying; like the river
 Which rushes and will rush for ever
 Glittering through the gloomy morn,
 And cold though sunny June be born;
 Like the steel and stone that thrive
 In earth-darkness half alive;
 So, in his pale sleep, shall he
 Dream while woods and rivers be.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

Postage.—We have now no complaints from any quarter, save Albany, with regard to the postage charged for our paper. We can only say, that the charge made at Albany is an unwarrantable and illegal charge. We have the authority of persons high in the Post Office Department for this assertion. We cannot think that the Post Master at Albany knows of the excessive charge made by his clerks for the Gazette. He is a just and upright man, and would never countenance extortion.

• Let facts speak. The charge at the Greenbush P. O. for our paper is one cent and a half *per No.* This is the *legal* charge. The Albany P. O. has always charged 5 cents *per No.* The overplus is recoverable at law, and we have high *legal* authority for saying so.

Colden's Memoir, and Grand Canal celebration.
 —Our city will long remember the great celebration of Nov. 4, 1825. The joy of that day was characterized by so much sincerity, and founded

on so much justice; the feeling was so general, and so properly manifested, that there was nought to mar the pleasure and honest pride which we felt in common with every citizen. In commemoration of this great event, our corporation has laid talent and genius under contribution in the splendid volume now before us. It commences with the memoir of Mr. Colden, which is certainly a very able and impartial production, detailing much interesting history, and distinguished by comprehensive views of the great subject on which he discourses. The memoir is followed by an account of the celebration by the corporation of the city of New-York, a statement of the arrangements made by the merchants, the citizens, and the different societies. A report from the committees of the corporation succeeds; to this is added the report from General Fleming, the Grand Marshal of the day, and one from Mr. Rhind, who directed the aquatic display. A full narrative follows, of the whole celebration, from Buffalo to the ocean, and back to Buffalo, by William L. Stone. The addresses of Mr. Hone, Governor Clinton, Dr. Mitchell, &c. are inserted. The whole account, from first to last, is prepared in faithful chronological order.

But it is not merely as a history that this work possesses claims to admiration; it contains numerous beautiful specimens of the fine arts. Plates of the badges and arms of the different societies: portraits of distinguished men; lithographic maps and panoramic views: autographic fac-similes of the signature of John Adams, of the letters of Jefferson, Carrol, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and La Fayette, increase the interest of this volume, and add to its beauty. The genius of the painter, and the skill of the engraver present the whole pageant to the view, and impart life and animation to the volume. The work is an honor to the city of New-York, and an honor to all those who have been engaged in it.

Amongst the devices of the different societies, there is no one with which we are more pleased, than that of the students of Columbia College. The inscription is "*Temporal manifestation in eternal duration.*" Three beautiful women are devised to represent the three sole divisions of time, past, present, and future. She who typifies the past has her head turned away from the direct view and is mournfully moving away into the shadow of Eternity. She who personifies the present, turns her full face to the eye, with a calm smile and fully-developed countenance, and she who is the type of the future is turning her head towards us and advancing with a gay look of hope, confidence, and joyous anticipation. It is a beautiful elucidation of the theory of Mr. Cardell, of whose philosophy we have often expressed our opinion.

Another beautiful specimen of the arts is the "View of the Fleet preparing to form in line," designed by the genius of Mr. Archibald Robertson, and lithographed by Mr. Imbert. The executions of Mr. Imbert abound in this volume, and add to his well-earned fame.

In the department of the fine arts, we have a very spirited description of the different plates, &c. drawn up at the request of Mr. Riker, chairman of the committee of arrangements. In this Report, full justice is done to the many artists who have assisted in this splendid work. Were we to undertake a description of the maps, plates, designs, &c. we should far transcend the space of our columns; it is enough to say that they are highly creditable to their authors.

We know of no song in any language with which we are so much pleased as the following, against *Luxury*, by Ove Malling. It contains true philosophy and energetic sentiment. It was with the feeling expressed in this song, that Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Columbus the ocean.—It is the feeling of every great, powerful and majestic mind.

Malling was historiographer to the king of Denmark. He was a man of talents, character, and accomplishments.

SONG.

Sweeter to sing to the wild blast that chills me,
 Hardened with toil and with cold,
 Than list to the fountain whose melody stills me,
 Floating in odours and gold.
 Oh, the full glow of the fetterless spirit
 Dwells not with luxury's slave,
 Patience and courage alone can inherit
 That portion of God to the brave.

Tell us, ye children of wisdom, who measure
 The actions of man and his might,
 Tell us was *Earth* won by day-dreams of pleasure
 And battles and watchings by night?
 Tell us did *sylphs* shield the valiant from ruin,
 Did syren songs lull their repose?—
 No! the proud soul, sacred glory pursuing,
 Steered by her pole-star through woes.

Planted by valor and waved against fortune,
 Rome's flag enveloped the world in a shade,
 Even the rude North with its ample folds sporting,
 Paused as he viewed it displayed.
 But when the slow moth of luxury stealing
 Wasted its strength to decay,
 Tempests less fierce than the northern winds pealing,
 Blew the bright ruins away!

It may safely be said of this noble effusion, that "song is the eloquence of truth." Never yet did *Sylph* shield the brave from rain, and the repose into which they are lulled by syren songs, is the repose of destruction. The mighty who have made themselves lords of earth, have never won the high prize by "day-dreams."

The fine idea of the Roman flag, waved against fortune, calls to mind Byron's splendid comparison of the torn banner of freedom, to the thunder-storm sailing against the wind.

Park Theatre.—Mr. Kean.—It is useless to criticise Mr. Kean's performances—his excellencies and his faults are peculiar to his sublime genius, which outstrips the steady march of criticism. We have heard it said that Kean is losing his energies—really we have seen no evidence of this. We never saw him more powerful than in

the second act of *Lear*, on Monday night. The closing burst of passion was tremendous.

A new Comedy, "Tearing Me to Pieces," has been produced at the Park. It will be a favorite to those who are fond of merriment. It is a sufficient recommendation of the piece to say that Barnes, Hilson and Placide appear in it—Barnes as Peter Pastoral, a cockney poet, who is fond of the æthereal beauties of nature which charm his senses. We learn from the *Examiner* that Peter Pastoral is meant as a caricature of Leigh Hunt, the prince of "Cockayne," and the pattern of nuttily-pomdly poets. He deserves to be caricatured; poets have no business to neglect common sense either in their rhymes or their conduct.

Mrs. Sharpe was very happy as the romantic daughter of an Innkeeper, calling herself Rosa Matilda, but called by her un-romantic father, plain "Molly."

Mr. Lee as Glowworm, a lawyer more full of business than of business, acted with his usual spirit. This gentleman is improving daily; in general comedy he always appears to advantage.

The Manager of the Park has a valuable acquisition in Mrs. Hamilton. She is a very interesting woman, a lady in her appearance, and gifted with an animated, intelligent face. We trust that her merits will be duly appreciated.

New York Theatre.—Mr. Conway has commenced an engagement at this theatre, and appeared on Monday in the character of Hamlet. We have seldom seen this tragedy so far better acted. He was more true than charity, more artificial than natural, and withal, tedious. Neither his appearance was so good, nor his enunciation so distinct as usual: we have heard since, however, that he was indisposed, and under such circumstances, it is an impossibility for any man to do justice to his talents. The other characters were all respectably supported, except Mr. Horton's King: heaven preserve Denmark, and every other Christian country, from such a King.

On Tuesday, Mr. Forrest repeated *Damon* for the third time, to a numerous audience; the repeated peals of applause from every corner of the house, is the best confirmation of our verdict of this young, but promising actor. We repeat again, that we hope Mr. Forrest will not neglect the cultivation of his rare talents, which, by proper study, will one day place him at the very head of his profession.

The Stranger was performed on Wednesday evening: in this *romantic* play, Mr. Conway supported himself with much credit; he is a gentleman of education and close study, which gives him great advantages over many who follow his profession. In Mrs. Haller, our favorite Mrs. Gifford did ample justice to her powers; she would be an ornament to any stage.

We have no room for further remarks, either on this play, or the other casts of the week; but will, in passing, remark, that we witnessed Mr. Leggett's *debut* on Saturday evening—in one word,

we tell him in friendly mood, he never will attain eminence on the stage—and if it be his intention to follow the profession, he must make up his mind to support only subordinate characters. He showed evidences of a good conception, but he has neither figure, voice, nor gesture. His Leisure hours at Sea, did him infinitely more credit than his personation of Bertram.

Apprentices.—A series of very able essays on this subject, lately appeared in the *New-York Observer*. We recommend their perusal to all those who are interested in the good behaviour of apprentices. The great misfortune of republicanism is, that we mix mistaken notions of liberty with the duties of society. We must all be equal, forgetting that

"Order is heaven's first law, and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

Something new under the sun.—A writer from Algiers says, of some sea-captain, "The captain is a native of Boston, but *has become a native of Curacao*." He must be a wonderful man. We are anxious to know the process of becoming a native of Curacao, after being born in Boston.

We find the following amusing article in Mrs. A. S. Cony's "Weekly Messenger." We have a faint impression that we have seen this piece, or something very like it, in the *London John Bull*.

CRANIOLOGY.

Those who read Mr. Cruikshank's "Illustrations of Phrenology," will, no doubt be amused at the quaintness of his caricatures! But as *facts*, in scientific researches, are better than pictures, I will relate to you the extraordinary case of my brother Benjamin Wilkins, who was considered but a bumpkinish sort of lad, in the family, till our worthy father became acquainted with a learned phrenologist, who appeared so struck with the shape of my brother's head that he asked the liberty to examine it, and soon discovered that Ben possessed all the *bumps* requisite for the head of a great mathematician. My father started, and so did I, for Ben, though *bumpkinish* as I said before, was always looked upon as very deficient in the *attick*. Our mother was delighted, and as I was allowed to have more common sense than bumps, and therefore better calculated to jog on in the old way, Ben was rigged out for a scholar and sent to about 90 miles from home to spend the money which our worthy father's *bumps* of *acquisitiveness* had gathered together, and to hear Lectures on Phrenology, Physiology, Mathematics, &c.

About four weeks after his departure we received the following letter which will convince any unprejudiced reader that it is much easier to laugh at learning than to ac-

quire it, though he may possess even my brother Ben's bumps.

TIMOTHY WILKINS.

Old South, L. Island, N. Y.

Nov. 13, 1826.

Sept. 20, 1825.

DEAR BROTHER,

Knowledge is the only thing to make a man feel that he is a man; and that if he can get learning he is equal to the greatest in the land. Well Tim, and I *do* learn—it is quite surprising the *clear* views I have got of all the subjects upon which the Doctor has been lecturing. These bumps are amazing things!

The first thing which he has taught us is out of the works of *Matther Matlocks*—all about *comic* sections and the projection of the *spears*, which is just as easy as any thing; and yet without it we can do nothing. The Doctor says, a man cannot snuff a candle as it ought to be who has not read *Matthew Matlocks*.

If you wanted to draw an *angel* of forty-five, how would you do it without *Matthæe Matlocks*? If you wanted to make a perpendicular out of an *angel* of forty-five, you never could do it if you did not understand *jometry*: for instance, you don't know what a strait line is—nor ever can know—unless you study *jometry*. A strait line, Tim, is the shortest way from one point to another. You don't know what a right *angled tryangel* is? Not you—how should you? Look up the kitchen chimney, Tim, you will see one right opposite the boiler: it is a square thing, and called a right *angel tryangel*, because two of its sides is opposite to the high pot in use for keeping the principal's tea-water hot.

What do you think is a ratio of equality?—why that which things of equal size bear to each other—but an inverse ratio is a reason given in poetry; so we say there is neither rhyme nor reason in a thing when it means nothing.

Now you will say, what is the use of *comic* sections?—stuff, Tim—the study of *comic* sections teaches you to remember all the signs wherever you have once been, so that a man once learning them has no occasion to revert his *axes*, which means to make any further enquiries.

In *comic* sections, the greater the distance of the folks from the centre, the more comical they are: because it affects their gravity and they are eccentric. The segment of a diameter is called an *absciss*; so that my uncle George, who is so bad of the liver complaint, may be said to have got the segment of a diameter in his right side:—and

I know it is a fact, that every great circle which passes through a projecting point, is projected into a strait line, passing through the centre of the primitive. The Doctor says this is very useful to be observed in making toast—which, by the way, I shall decline doing any more, if any principal requires it. Thanks to my knowledge, I am resolved never to pass the strait line of his toasting fork through the centre of a primitive muffin again as long as I live.

There is another writer upon these things, called *New Mattocks*, who tells you all about air and water. Air, Tim, is very heavy, and not light, as we thought it, which shews that the immortal *Kean* was wrong when he talked about "trifles light as air."

Do you know there is no such thing as blood?—the red stuff in us is all cruor, at least all the lively part; the *serious* part is *limp*; we may therefore kill our enemies without danger—there is no law against shedding cruor.

Little do you think, Tim, of the wonders of the earth—little do you think that primitive trap comes from the island of Granite. *Micishels* and *Subicious* are sisters, Tim, and *fussils*, which I thought were stones, are vegetables. Mercury is a god in prophane divinity, and is sometimes made into pills.

This is called *Jology*—there you will find the *topers* with *quarts*, which is natural: what they drink I can't say, but nothing very good, I suspect, for the Doctor says they are only secondary compounds.

Wednesday the Doctor lectured for more than four minutes upon thunder and electricity—he told us how to measure the distance of a storm by means of a second-hand watch; so I accordingly sold my own, which was a new one, and bought one second-hand, at a pawnbroker's, to try with. The Doctor says, sound travels at the rate of 186,786 feet four inches and a quarter in a minute—how he found that out so exactly, he won't tell *nobody*—but he said if we brought it down into yards first we could easily measure it off into miles, and so ascertain the distance. I know I could do the last if I had time, but how to get the sound down into the yard to measure it I am quite at a loss.

One curious thing about lightning is, that if it strikes bell-wires, it turns them into *ox-hides*, which I had no idea of—it also melts money in men's pockets, which is the reason that our principal's eldest daughter, Julia Maria, always calls a glass of gin a flash of lightning, inasmuch as it melts the

drinker's cash. The greatest discovery in electricity was making *lead* in phials.

I have also heard two lectures on *hop-ticks*, which I thought at first alluded to them shabby gentle folks who first *runs* up bills and then *runs* away; being derived, as Mr. Lindley Murray, the great bookseller, says, from tick and hop; but I find it relates to eyes.

In this art they have two sorts of glasses for drinking out of—one sort is called concave, which is used when you drink in the celler itself; the other convex, which you get where wine is scarce. The effect of the concave is very curious, for when you have got a glass too much you see double.

Begfoon, who is a great French *natural*, says he saw green clouds in the sky, and a gentleman of the name of *Shiner* wrote a book about the sun. The Doctor said we should devote a good deal of our time in digesting *Bacon*, so I ordered six pounds out of the middle, though I cannot see what that has to do with it. I know it is to be cooked, for after the Doctor had spoken about the *Fryer*, he said he preferred *bacon* to *boil*.

The Doctor talked of the family of the *Lenses*—he says there are nine of them left, but I am afraid they have not had the advantages of education, for he told us they wanted a great deal of polishing—he also paid a great compliment to poor *Emery*, which pleased me very much.

I have dabbled a little in *Astrology*.—*Satin* has got a ring, and Jupiter wears a bell—we see him out of the garret window of the Institution so plain as to see black spots on his *desk*, which is doubtless ink. Whenever he gets too proud there is a revolution, in which they take away three of his moons—and very proper too—why should moonshine be wasted? *Hornithology* is to teach us the nature of large cattle. *Gastronomy* will assist us lighting up our shew room economically, and *Helminthology* makes us dabs at steering the *Hackaback* cutter through Chelsea reach.

But, my dear Tim, beside all these, the Doctor tells us that up in the celestials there are bears, and bulls, and birds, and rams, and fish, and scales, and goats, and archers, and foxes, and geese, and lizards, and peacocks' tails, and a *lady* in a chair, and I don't know what, which he says form a great many *consternations*, which I do not wonder at; he says also, that the sun is ninety-four millions nine hundred and ninety-eight miles and three-quarters from town.

Next week the Doctor is going to give a

lecture on *Free-nology* and *Polotics*, which as yet we *was* not numerous enough to hear. You may rely on my giving you an account of how I get on.

BENJAMIN WILKINS.

MISCELLANY.

TOUCHING FOR THE EVIL.—FRENCH CORONATION.

This pretended prerogative of touching for the king's evil is a custom which can be traced to the reign of Robert II. son of Hugh Capet, in 991. The English historians ascribe this prerogative to their kings exclusively, and pretend that Edward the Confessor, who ascended the throne in 1043, received it from Heaven on account of his many virtues and sanctified life, with liberty to transmit it to his successors. The malady itself, *les ceruvelles*, has acquired the name of king's evil from the belief for time immemorial that kings alone can cure it. It was a singular sight to see James II. while a fugitive in France, devoting himself to the occupation of touching those afflicted with this disease in our hospitals. St. Thomas, in his work on the government of Princes, says, that one of the effects of the coronation is the gift of healing the king's evil. Indeed this learned doctor spends much time in speaking of the wonders he himself witnessed, wrought by the hands of St. Louis, with whom he was on very familiar terms. Formerly the French kings used to heal the afflicted with this disease, at Corbeny, an abbey six leagues distant from Rheims. At the coronation of Louis XVI. the patients who were very numerous, were conducted to the garden of the abbey of St. Remi. St. Louis established a brotherhood at Corbeny, in which the kings are enrolled, and the French kings have granted great privileges to that monastery. Louis XI. exempted it from subsidy of every kind in 1478, and made a present of a large sum of money, and a very rich shrine in which to deposit the remains of St. Marcoul. The place has become a well-known pilgrimage. It was Louis XIV. that dispensed with going to Corbeny, and brought the shrine of St. Marcoul to Rheims.

JEWES IN PALESTINE.

The condition of the Jews in Palestine is more insecure and exposed to insult and exaction than in Egypt and Syria, from the frequent, lawless and oppressive conduct of the governors and chiefs. These distant Pachalics are less under the control of the Porte; and in Egypt, the subjects of Mahomed enjoy a more equitable and quiet

government than in any other part of the empire. There is little national feeling or enthusiasm among them: though there are some exceptions, where these exist in an intense degree. In the city they appear fearful and humbled, for the contempt in which they are held by the Turks is excessive, and they often go poorly clad to avoid exciting suspicion. Yet it is an interesting sight to meet with a Jew wandering with a staff in his hand, and a venerable beard sweeping his bosom, in the rich and silent plain of Jericho, on the sides of its native mountains, or on the banks of the ancient river Kishon, where the arm of the mighty was withered in the battle of the Lord. Did a spark of the love of this country warm his heart, his feelings must be exquisite; but his spirit is suited to his condition.

THE VINE

The vines of the south seem as if they were meant to supply the waste of animal spirits occasioned by the vivacity of the natives. Tuscany is one huge vineyard and olive ground. What would be fields and common hedges in England, are here a mass of orchards producing wine and oil, so that the sight becomes tiresome in its very beauty. You want meadows, and a more pastoral rusticity. About noon, all the labourers, peasantry, and small shopkeepers, in Tuscany, may be imagined taking their flask of wine. You see them all about Florence, fetching it under their arms. The effect was perceptible after dinner, though no disorder ensued; the wine being only just strong enough to move the brain pleasantly without intoxication; a man can get drunk with it if he pleases; but drunkenness is thought as great a vice here as galloping is with us. It is a pity that these wines are not brought into England, for they certainly could be. Some of them can be made as strong as port, for those who want a "hot intoxicating liquor;" and the rest might serve to give this universal fillip to nothern toppers, which the Abbe du Bos says is already perceptible in a partial degree since the introduction of Burgundy and Champagne. Clarendon pleasantly calls wine "the disease, or rather the health of the Dutch."

THE CHOICE OF A GRAVE.

In Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*, Mary Stuart meets Rizzio, and by way of reconciling him to the violence he had suffered, says to him, "I have honored thy memory so far as to place thee in the tomb of the Kings of Scotland." "How," says

the musician, "my body entombed among the Scottish Kings?" "Nothing more true," replies the queen. "And I," says Rizzio, "I have been so little sensible of that good fortune, that, believe me, this is the first notice I ever had of it."

I have no sympathy with that feeling, which is now-a-days so much in fashion, for picking out snug spots to be buried in. What is the meaning of such fancies? No man thinks or says, that it will be agreeable to his dead body to be resolved into dust under a willow, or with flowers above it. No—it is, that while alive he has pleasure in such anticipations for his coxcomical clay. I do not understand it—there is no *quid pro quo* in the business to my apprehension. It will not do to reason upon of course; but I can't feel about it. I am to blame, I dare say—but I can only laugh at such under-ground whims. "A good place" in the church-yard!—the boxes!—a front row! but why? No, I cannot understand it: I cannot feel particular on such a subject: any part for me, as a plain man says of a partridge.

A gentleman at table being famous for allowing the wine to remain a long time placed before him was checked in the following manner:—"I am sorry," observed a *bon vivant*, "our friend opposite has been so reduced in circumstances, as to patronise the office of a bottle-holder!"

A gentleman on his death-bed promised a friend of his, he would remember him in his will if he would write an epitaph for him, consisting of four lines only, and the word *so* must be introduced six times. His friend produced the following lines, which were approved of, and he handsomely remembered for his ingenuity:

So did he live,
So did he die,
So! so! did he so?
Then so let him lie.

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THE BLACK LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware Co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga Co., has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence Co. has not paid.

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I published about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the *New-York Literary Gazette*, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List; no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly, or unjustly; but when once inserted there it shall remain.

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July, 1826.

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